

II

three or four times: now I, to comfort
 him, bid
 him, I should not think of God⁹; I
 hoped, there
 was no need to trouble himself with
 any such
 thoughts yet: So, I bade me lay more
 clothes on
 his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and
 felt them,
 and they were as cold as any stone;
 then I felt to
 his knees, and so upward, and upward,
 and all was
 as cold as any stone^x.

cold, and he was just expiring." But his disorder
 had been a
 "burning quotidian tertian." It is, I think, a much
 stronger
 objection, that the word *Table* with a capital letter,
 (for so it ap-
 pears in the old copy,) is very unlikely to have been
 printed
 instead of *labbled*. This reading is, however,
 preferable to any
 that has been yet proposed.

On this difficult passage I had once a conjecture.
 It was, that
 the word *table* is right, and that the corrupted word
 is *and*, which
 may have been misprinted for *in*; a mistake that has
 happened
 elsewhere in these plays: and thus the passage
 will run—"and
 his nose was as sharp as a pen *in* a table of green
 fields." *Koen*
 may have been used for a *pinfold* and *stable* for a
picture. See
 vol. x. p. 315. n. 7.

The pointed stakes of which pinfolds are
 sometimes formed,
 were perhaps in the poet's thoughts. MALONE.

It has been observed (particularly by the
 superstition of women)
 of people near death, when they are delirious by a
 fever, that they
 talk of *removing* as it has of those in a calture,
 that they have
 their heads run on green fields. THEOBALD.

9 — now I, to comfort him, bid him, I should
 not think of
 God: &c. Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to
 the following
 story in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, &c. 1595, for this
 very character-
 istic exhortation: "A gentlewoman fearing to
 be drowned,
 said, now Jesu receive our souls! Soft, mistress,
 answered the
 waterman: *I trow, tve are not come to that passe*
yet" MALONE.

Our author might as probably have been
 indebted to a passage
 in the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543,
 relative to the
 death of Lord Hastings: "This Sir Thomas
 [Howard] while the
 Lord Hastings staved a while *common* with a
 priest whom he

met in the Tower strete, brake the lordes tale,
saving what my lorde, I pray you come on ;
merily. — wherefore talke you
so long with the priest ? *You have no neede of a
priest yet*"

STEEVENS.
I — cold as any stone.] Such is the end of Falstaff,
from whom Shakspeare had promised us, in his
epiloque to King
Henry IV. that we should receive more
entertainment. It hap